University Archives

Inter Nationes

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or a sample of merchandise . . . . ( )
d'un échantillon de marchandises
Value: None Weight:
Valeur Poids
PS Form 2976
July 1971

FIRST CLASS MAIL

WARNING

This paper is full of obscene material and may disgust you. Therefore, anyone who has picked up this paper in ignorance now knows what is printed herein. Rather than read it, become outraged, and write self-righteous letters to Eng. Soc. presidents and deans demanding censure, just skip this issue. If you read it we can only assume you do so at your own discretion. - TOIKE OF OIKE

DO NOT CRUSH
FRAGILE
DELICATE INSTRUMENTS

SCALED AIR CORP. NO. 1
Chicago, Illinois
SHIPPERS

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DO NOT CRUSH

This wrapper manufactured by
THE BROWN PAPER WRAPPER COMPANY, TRAWNA, ONTARIO

CUNT

Ah! What a wonderfully beautiful and useful word(unless you happen to be an Artsie, whereupon "Bum" would be more useful)

It is a word to end all words. I mean, when was the last time you said anything wbilst utilizing this word? (Artsies and Meds excepted)

It is such a descriptive word; I mean, instead of calling your non-tech prof. "a dirty rotten son of a bitch of an Artsie asshole", just say "He's a cunt". Much simpler and easier on the tongue, isn't it?

Try it; roll the word "cunt" over your tongue a few times (or vice versa), feels good eh?

This descriptive little word can be used in numerous situations, the following of which are only a few.

It can imply anger: "What a cunt"
It can express passion: "WHAT A CUNT!"
It can be used as a noun: "What a fucking cunt"
It can be used as an object: "What a cunt fucker"
It can be used matriarchally: "mother-fucking cunt"
To denote size: "You little cunt"
to indicate espionage: "You spying little cunt"
To denote anatomical anomaly "cunt-head"
As a pronoun: "Hey Cunt"
To indicate geographical areas: "Cunt Country"
and so on.

Hence, it can be seen that "Cunt" as a word is one of the most useful ones now known to mankind. So, next time anyone calls you a cunt, don't get mad and bust his mother-fucking, cocksucking head, just look at him and smile, secure in the knowledge that he has just paid you an unparalleled compliment; then get him when you're alone in some dark alley with your sawed-off shotgun.

Great Masturbators throughout History

In the rectal annals of our sacred university there lurks a most curious creature known as 'engineerus obscurum.' Asbamed be -she-it passes through the nigbt with his-her-its head low, and bands in pocket. Why? Believe it or not, tbe 'engineerus obscrotum' is economizing on his-her-its time. Some eat on tbe run. Some excrete on the run. And some beat meat on the run. Yes, the 'enginerus obscesspool' MASTURBATES IN SHAME.

Need he be so? Is this daily regimen of tbe concerned 'engineerus obsyphilis' some odd macabre perversion not practiced by the rest of the human race?

It is the strong and passionate desire of this writer to justify tbe habits of the 'engineerus obsexist' in the light of historical precedents. By pointing out great masturbators in our gracious past I hope to do the same great service for 'engineerus obsmegma' as Attila tbe Hun did for rape, pillage and plunder, Jesus Christ did for tbe Spanisb Inquisition, and Richard Nixon did for politics.

Consider:
What did Nero really fiddle with while Rome burned?
Consider:
Why did Pilate really wash his hands?
Consider:
Why did Singer invent the sewing machine?
Consider:
What was Amundsen really trying to do at the North Pole?
Consider:
How did Dr. Timothy Leary find his first high?
Consider:
What did Tchaikivski really Handel?
Consider:
Would Van Gogh have been a great artist if he had cut something else off and sent it to bis girl?
Consider:
If Newton was wrong, would they have made bim eat bis theory?
Consider:
What was God doing tbat Mary was still able to remain a virgin?

Yes my friends, 'Enginerum obstacle' need no longer feel alone. Members of this phylaum can point to the great beros of the past such as Napoleon Boneypart, Scrotius, and Erogenous Layhertses. Many of the great traditions ensconsed by tbese great men and women have become Institutionalized. One can graduate magna cum laude (great and loud.) One can agitate one's members in parliament through tbe postal services (Episcopalian.)

Even on our staid conservative university one can take courses in Women's Clitrature (Innis). Besides, wbat are labs for?

So arise 'engineerum obstetrician' and meet your destiny. No longer need you pursue your hobbie alone. Hire an Artsie.

Some perverts bave interpreted this word as sbort for labia, still other perverts bave remarked that the word is a reference to the great busky black Labrador Retriever, and still other perverts feel that it refers to CHM 125. Pick your own perversion. ed.

Applied Fucktional Analysis

t duration of fuck (sec)
r cuntal radius (m)
k cunt's constant (including lubrication factor)
f fucking frequency (Hz)
x angle of dangle (°)
R radius of cock (m)
T her period (sec x 10 6)
L length of cock (m)
c cock's constant
p depth of penetration (m)
e cook's constant (the appropriate units)
M mass of dick (kg)

$$\text{Fucking Pleasure}_{(\text{joules/sec})} \sim \frac{p\,e\,c^2\,K\,e\,t\,r\,f\,M\cot x}{RT} \Big|_{\text{limp}}^{\text{hard}} L^3\,dL$$

Note R∝cL

$$F.P. \propto \frac{r}{R} \rightarrow$$ happiness is a tight pussy

SUPERSTAR

I always thought that I could handle it, that I was in control and could stop whenever I wanted to. At first I'd do it maybe once month, then once a week, once a day...

Sometimes I'd be sitting in a lecture and the urge would come over me but I'd stifle it by concentrating on integration of tanh or the solubility of acetic acid in formaldehyde. I wouldn't even notice that my fingers were working, my feet tapping and my body swaying back and forth in my seat. But when my mind was unoccupied it would sneak up on my, starting way back in my bead and slowly pervading my whole body and making my muscles tingle.

When that happened, I'd get up and run off to the can, lock myself in a cubicle and let it out. I'd come out exbausted, flusbed with the stimulation and effort of it, shyly casting my eyes around tbe jobn to see if anyone noticed that I was sweating, and breatbing too quickly. But after a wbile I was too pleased with myself to care. What exquisite fingers I had! What rbythm! What a perfect sense of timing, wbat a feel for the beat!

At first all I felt was guilt. I felt like such a freak, I needed to know I wasn't alone. I would walk the crowded corridors looking deeply into everyone's eyes, trying to penetrate to the inner being and see if perhaps they too — indulged. Sometimes there would be signs. I would see someone curl their fingers, move them slowly down their torso, and then wistfully play with their belt.

Once, in the library, I was sure I'd found a kindred soul. He was just puttering around between the aisles of books and then suddenly he moved into a deserted aisle with the furtive movements of someone about to do something shameful. At first I hesitated, knowing how one needs privacy at that moment and not wishing to embarrass him, but I could not contain my curiosity. After all, to do it in a public library. My hypersensitive senses half-consciously registered that he'd popped into an aisle of biology books. I quietlymoved to where I could see him and at first sight I was sure I was right. He stood halfway down the aisle, profile towards me, his shoulders hunched, his hands frantically pawing...but no, he was only picking lint out of his navel. Realizing that he was observed he quickly jerked straight; shot me a killing glance and shuffled off. I was so disappointed, there was only one thing to do—yes, right there.

And my obsession grew. When I'd first started I'd only performed alone in my room, with the record player on, that was essential, the songs provided the homework on which I'd improvise. It was even better when I'd sit in the swivel-backed desk chair with my headphones on and my eyes closed but then I was too vulnerable to being suddenly discovered and after one close call I abandoned that technique.

I often found my self fantasizing about it. On the subway I would sit and hum to myself, hoping that no-one would see my bobbing adam's apple and investigate further into what I was doing. After a few months I had the horrible fantasy of doing it in front of an audience. From then on I did it in front of a mirror. Of course I realize now that I should have sought counselling by that stage, but at the time it never occurred to me. I graduated to full-length mirrors. And alone in my room I played on.

You see doctor, I'm a superstar. But how exactly do I do it? Well you see I go to my room and carefully close the door. Then I go to the record player and put on something intricate. Next over to the mirror where I adopt the traditional stance, I keep my elbows tucked in, my left hand moves up and out, my right hand goes down to my hip and my fingers start. When I'm really worked up I can out-pick and out-strum Eric Clapton. You see I'm the greatest phantom guitarist in the world! I am a superstar!

To be a man

If you can get a piece when all about you are wacking off and envying you;
If you can thrust yourself when she resists you, and make her regret her resisting too:
If you can stalk and not be tired by stalking, or, being discovered, don't leave the race, or being run from don't give way to panic, and yet don't play it so cool, you blow the cbase;
If you can go a'whoring-and not make whores your master;
If you can shoot-and never lose your aim,
If you can meet with profesional virgins and cockteasers and treat those two imposters just the same:
If you can bear to have the rod you've nurtured twisted by knaves and sucked off by a tool, or see the chick you've just fucked, exhausted, and stoop and lay her again with a worn-out tool;
If you can risk losing your steady chick for one shot at a super ass, and blow it, and start looking for another chick, and never regret what you did in the past:
If you can force your heart and nerve and penis to serve your turn long after they are gone, and so keep going when there is nothing left within you except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can lie with sluts and keep your virtue, or screw a countess-nor lose the common touch,
If neither kisses nor loving caresses can overexcite you,
If all chicks cum with you, from just one touch:
If you can fill the unforgiving virgin with twelve inches worth of mirth and fun,
Yours is the earth and all the chicks that are in it.
And-which is more-you'll be a Man, my son!

Tom Advises

This issue of Toike Oike is proud to present the first of a monthly series of advice on your common problems by tbat master of perv...er ah...advice, Tom.

Part I - How to get a woman to eat.

a) Straightforward - Sit on my face byby, - and rotate!
b) Shy - Do you like to be...that is..er...(shit, I sure fucked that up!)
c) Smooth - Baby, spread 'em, I'm hungry! lick! slurp!
d) Anatomical - May I spread your labia minora and tongue your clitoris, vulva and surrounding areas?
e) The Right Way - You do me and I'll do you. lick! slurp!

Advice for F!rosh - Don't put safes (also known as condoms, rubbers, sheiks, etc...) on your tongue. It won't make any difference, (unless you don't like fish).

More advice for F!rosh - When eating a woman, (also known as cunnilingus, oral sex and muff diving), resist the temptation to put ketchup on. We know it's tough but, strawberry FDS is better anyway.

Even more advice for F!rosh - I know this shouldn't have been assumed but, you F!rosh can tell if a person is a woman if she has funny 'bumps' on her chest and her 'wee-wee' is missing. Good hunting!

elMocambo
464 SPADINA AVE., 961-8991
PRESENTS
THE GRAND REUNION OF
MAINLINE
FEATURING MIKE McKENNA AND JOE MENDLESON
NOV. 6-8
BUDDY GUY & JR. WELLS
NOV. 10-15
JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND
NOV. 17-22
ROUGH TRADE
NOV. 24-29
BEN E. KING
DEC. 1-6
THE TEXAS CANNONBALL
FREDDIE KING
DEC. 8-13
DOWNCHILD BLUES BAND
DEC. 22-JAN. 3
(INCLUDING NEW YEARS)

ONE FLIGHT HIGH
46 BLOOR WEST
TORONTO, CANADA
921-6555
AND
NOW OPEN
ON CAMPUS
ERINDALE COLLEGE
CROSSROADS BLDG.

HEY!

We were impressed that 62 of you (out of 20,000) were able to find the time to fill in a reader survey form, and that over half of those were able to find a Campus Mail box. The results were as interesting as they were informative, and we now know beyond any reasonable douht that most of you are even more perverted than we are.

There were 26 replies from engineers and 36 from the rest of you.

Interpretation

It's very interesting to see that almost half of the engineers don't know what sex they are (most of you are legally male, fellas) whereas about two-thirds of the artsies are reasonably sure. Of course, this may only apply to those of you who read the Toike - we hope we aren't responsible.

It's also pretty clear that engineers are rather dull and straightforward - over half of them read the front page first, and the second page second. The artsies tend to follow a similar routine, hut a large per centage read the jokes as well. Anyway, most of you read all of every issue as we expected.

A lot of you don't like the ads hut at the same time want us to print more pages more often. Since SAC knows yould rather read the Varsity, the ads have to practically pay for the entire paper. Or would you rather pay for each copy?

Not surprisingly, a lot of the non-engineers don't like the engineering news and sports. You'll just have to suffer - the Toike is the Engineering Society's paper, and no one else prints the stuff.

Now we know for sure that you all like the jokes, sex, and perversion. For those of you who complained that we don't print enough, may we suggest the large variety of specialty magazines now on the market? We have to try to satiate everyone.

Reader Survey Results

	ENG. per cent	NON ENG.	TOTAL per cent
1. How often do you read the Toike?			
Every issue	81	84	83
More often	8	3	5
Misc. (Too much, too little, when I need a thrill, as little as possible)	12	13	13
2. Where do you obtain your Toike?			
First place I can	35	15	23
Washroom	4	5	5
Misc. (Borrow and keep, garbage, buy, zoo, around campus)	62	80	73
3. How much of each issue do you read?			
All	59	50	53
Most (2-3 up)	18	33	27
Some	5	9	6
Less (under ¼)	14	8	10
More than all	5	0	2
4. Which part do you read first?			
Front page	58	32	42
Jokes	12	29	22
Godiva's box	8	8	8
Articles	0	8	5
Other (Dirty stuff, what I wrote, title, anything sexist,pictures, etc.)	23	23	23
5. Second ?			
Second page	52	22	34
Jokes	16	25	21
Godiva's Box	4	17	11
Pictures	8	6	7
Whole thing	8	3	5
Other (Rest of page 1, Soggy Elbow, Filth, features, ads etc.)	12	29	20
6. What do you never read?			
Ads	38	23	30
Sports	9	28	20
the Varsity	6	10	8
Serious stuff	6	8	7
None	3	8	6
Other (between the lines, Dick, Soggy Elbow, books, editorials, the Erindale)	38	23	30
7. What do you consider to be the worst part?			
Sports	12	13	13
Godiva's Box	0	18	11
Ads	8	11	9
This year's staff	19	3	9
Serious stuff	0	8	5
Other (Eng Soc stuff, reader surveys, Soggy Elbow, Ellen, Hernando jokes, the end, all, no colour fold-outs, etc.)	62	52	54
8. The best?			
Jokes	15	38	28
Dirty pictures	11	2	6
Witty articles	9	2	5
Porn	3	7	5
What I wrote	9	0	4
Campus humour	6	2	4
Other (whole thing, Hernando jokes, what I read, Soggy Elbow, cosmic metaphysics, jock tight songs, cost, when it's in 6", etc.)	46	53	50
9. What do you do with your Toike when you finish reading it?			
Keep	37	22	28
Pass on to friends	11	22	18
Throw out	11	15	13
Use as toilet paper	7	12	10
Eat	11	2	6
Misc. (Leave in washroom, frame, sell, insulate walls, F! off, burn, read again, etc.)	22	27	25
10. Do you think the Toike is irresponsible?			
No	52	71	63
Yes	28	17	22
?	12	6	8
Misc. (only when they publish, sometimes, who cares, maybe, hopefully)	8	6	7
11. Do you think the Toike is too sexist?			
No	76	69	72
Yes	12	14	13
?	4	9	7
Misc. (not enough, sometimes, why not, God forbid, Not enough, what else would I expect, etc.)	8	9	8
12. Does the Toike give a false image of engineers?			
No	48	47	48
Yes	40	31	34
?	0	17	10
Don't care	4	6	5
Misc. (yes we're really much better, sometimes, unfortunately, I hope not, etc.)	8	0	3
SEX			
Male	50	53	52
Female	3	19	13
Don't know (i.e. not male or female or both or neither)	46	28	35

AND NOW FOR QUESTION THIRTEEN...

13. What changes would you like to see in the Toike?

The easiest way to summarize the requests is **MORE**. Everyone, engineers and artsies, wants more filth, perversions, pictures, jokes, nudes, sex, racism, sexism, putdowns (especially jocks), and general ohscenity. Some guy in 1I C an F wants more "naked boys and girls"; some engineers want more Hernando jokes; a IV St. Mikes English woman wants "more dirt, lust, perversion, excitement, smut, etc." (why not drop in for a visit sometime?).

A few of you wanted LESS: less serious stuff, less women's lih stuff - and the majority wanted to see less of the Varsity.

Interestingly enough, Dick and all his friends (last year's staff) wanted to see less of this year's staff and contrihutors and more of Dick and all his friends. Sorry, guys (and Dick) - you had your chance last year and we'd rather print poor Toikes in new and different ways.

A few choice quotes:

From Arts and Science:

"Don't pick on artsies so much, you nerds"

"more comprehensive efforts toward thematic continuity of a given issue i.e. not just a cute cover and a lead article or two" **(We try, we try)**

"Toike is too introspective" - this from someone who "even quoted the Toike in a philosophy essay"

"I regard the Toike as a lampoon and therefore think it should continue as a humourous paper. I would like to see a higher quality of humour (admittedly hard to do) in the paper, with a stronger intellectual leaning."

"More jokes, better taste" **(In the same issue?)**

"More jokes, less surveys, more moons"

"A return to the days when Commies, fags, leshian Phys Ed hroads would get the shit cut out of them"

"I would like to see hahy powder between the sheets (it's always very rough in texture)"

"Take over hy a woman" **(So what's Heidi?)**

"A crusade against the fucking do-gooders. Return to the format we all love so well and leave the state of the world to the Varsity, they're stupid enough to care"

"Please make it softer, as I have hemmaroids (sic). Sould you try some hrighter colours, maybe finral arrangements. If at all possihle, make it scented." **(Think of the cost!)**

"You could run a few more articles denigrating males-engineers rather than females-artsies. ("denigrate" means "put down, insult") **(Then why don't you write some!)**

And From Engineers:

"More pages of filth and garbage!"

"Pictures of the editor after he has been shot"

"How ahout considering the effect on the Apsc student of the ongoing demise of U of T hy budget cuts and Simcoe Circle indecision" **(Read the Varsity)**

"I like it **just** the way it is !!! Don't put it out too often because you'll run out of good ideas too soon and too much of the Toike will become devoted to mundane matters"

"Raw sex"

"Informative things dealing with new and university technical developments, professional engineering discussion" **(You're nuts!)**

Why you don't write for the Toike

As far as engineers go, the majority are "too busy" (5), whi,e a lot can't write or don't think they're good bad enough (7). Two of you did write but it wasn't printed. There are three possihle explanations - we lost it, we're saving it for a theme issue, or it's pathetic. Why not come see us and find out? As for the rest of you, don't hitch if you're not willing to do something about it yourself.

For the non-engineers, the majority can't write or their mommies won't let them. However, a lot of you still seem to be confused as to our policy. We will print **anything** we like, regardless of who wrote it. In fact, a lot of engineers are dumh and non-creative, so we **want** your stuff. So, for those who "didn't know non-engineers or females were allowed to", now you do - and yes, you **can** "just send possihle articles in", though we'd rather see you so we can tell you why we're not using it if we don't.

If you want to submit something, we'd prefer to have it typed (double spaced, 60 characters per line) though we'll accept it if it isn't.

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How about that? The Toike gets "assistance" from



T*iKE *iKE

Room 211A, Engineering Annex 928-2916. Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Puhlished every now and then hy the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

Editor - Eric Hartweil
Assistant Editor - Heidi Breslaner
Managing Editor - Richard Aaron
Business Manager - Greg Pimento

Paul Baker: Can't keep it down!
Hernando Caratin: I am not a joke, funny maybe hut definitely...
Ellen Rochman: Bottoms up again
Ray Jeidy: didn't make it
Rave Dohson: Flex my **what** for Bruce?
Tom Jockbody: White stuff? What white stuff?
Johnny Siriunas: I don't deny it
June Cator: In absentia
Paul Johnson: Geotoikeditor
Doug Chmara: We saw her first
Bruce Thomson: So piss on you
Richard Aaron: It's not going in, is it?
Greg Mackay: That's what she said last night
Nick Rizos: You ripple like a river when I touch you
When I pluck your body like a string
Jim Kennedy: It's a Miracle
Roger Smibert: I did? Funny, I thought...
Graham Wideman: -60 per cent on one question!!!
Cathy Sheba: Ruhber trees don't wet their pants!!!
Heidi Breslauer: Superwoman flies again!
Eric Hartwell: I can't even **fail** seriously (hut I still love it)
Flash: High with a little help from my friends
"With apologies to Flash for the last issue"

The Hand That Bites

Looks like we have a few surprises for you this issue.

First, regarding the content - we are **not** giving you what you seem to want in the reader survey. We've been planning this issue for quite a while and its primary purpose is to help clean out the backlog.

Secondly, about the reader survey - thanks to those wl o took the time to answer, and F! you to those who didn't. You seem eager to complain to everyone hut us - not that we'd listen either. Anyway, it's nice to know that almost half of the engineers don't know what sex they are.

Thirdly, there are 5,000 fewer copies for this and the following issues. Through its benevolence SAC has seen fit to only grant us $800 (last year it was $1,500). Since our hudget is about $10,000 this is almost an insult - but we won't be petty and only give 8 per cent of our copies to non-engineers. What bothers us is that ASAC thinks their coke machine is worth a !1,500 suhsidy! (We won't even repeat the ohvious about the Varsity's $42,000 grant).

So if you see a Toike, grah it -it may be your only chance!

MS OIKE ADVISES

Due to the large number of letters received by the Toike Oike requesting advice on various affairs relating to Skule, we have hired a professional advice columnist to reply to some of these and any that may be received in the future. These are real letters and are made up, but if we get desperate enough we'll make up our own.

Send letters to Ms. Oike, c/o Toike Office.

Dear Ms. Oike:

I am a woman in engineering and have never encountered any problems until this year. I have been doing fairly poorly in one of my courses and have just failed the midterm. I was approached by my professor who asked me to come to his office. When we were together, he implied that for certain favours he could guarantee me a decent mark. Well I was outraged! After letting him know how insulted I was and how ashamed he should be, he upped his offer to a "high" mark. Well needless to say I gave him a blow job right then and there.

When I got my test back, there in bright red markings, right at the top of the page - 35 per cent. Every time I try to approach him about this he avoids me and just takes off. The least the shmuck could do is give me back my blow job. What can I do?

Woman in Engineering

Dear Wo:

Well you certainly blew it! But I have to agree that 35 per cent is an unfair assessment of your obvious ability. Perhaps the instructor was objectively rating your blow job in which case we advise you to practice on beer bottles.

I'm sure your marks will improve with your talents, but if you're still having difficulties, cum to the Toike office for professional help.

Dear Ms. Oike:

I'm an engineer who is just getting over a case of the clap but with the infirmary closed I have to walk all the way over to the Toronto General Hospital for my shots. Needless to say, it's a real pain in the ass. I don't want to take a chance getting V.D. again, yet it's impossible to find a condom machine in any of the Engineering washrooms. Sometimes when I'm working on my computer programs I'm up all night, even when the system goes down. It's times like these that I have to walk all the way up to Sid Smith, but by the time I get back the system.s up, I'm down and my chic is under. What should I do?

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated:

Keep your head up. Obviously you have a transportation problem. Either get a bicycle or start carrying condoms in your wallet like most engineers. They tried installing condom machines near the Toike office and other heavy traffic areas, but Hernando keeps ripping them off the walls and taking them home. The administration may consider installing them in the Women's washrooms though.

P.S. Some people walk a mile for a camel for Chris'ake.

Dear Ms. Oike:

I have a sexual problem. My girlfriend uses a vibrator to the point of climax, then I eat her to climax. The problem is, she always uses strawberry jam as a lubricant, and I hate strawberries. What can I do about this mortifying dilemma, cause although I love her, fish and berries is unnatural.

Gourmet

Dear Gourmet:

The solution to your problem is obvious, in fact so obvious I am shocked that you have not thought of it yourself. Instead of complaining, make her put salt and vinegar on her vagina and eat hearty.

P.S. Do not deep-fry.

THE BALLAD OF ESKIMO NELL

When e man grows old and his balls grow cold and the end of his nob turns blue.
When it s bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell a yarn or two.

So find me a seat and stand me a drink and a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-Eye Dick end Mexico Pete end the gentle Eskimo Nell.

Now when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete go forth in search of fun,
It's usuelly Dick who wields the prick and Mexico Pete the gun.

And when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete are sore, depressed and mad,
'Tis a cunt that generally bears the brunt so the shootin' 'aint too bad
Now Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete had been hunting in Dead Man's Creek
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for nigh on half a week
Just a moose or two or a caribou and a bison-cow or so.
And for Dead-Eye Dick with his kingly prick this fucking was mighty slow

So do or dare this horny pair set out for the Rio Grande
Deed-Eye Dick with his musculer prick and Pete with his gun in hand.

They blazed e randy trail and no man in their path withstood,
And menv a bride who was hubby's pride knew pregnent widowhood
They mede the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon,
And to slake their thirst and fo' their worst they sought Black Mike's saloon.
As the swing doors opened wide, both prick and gun fleshed free.
"According to sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me "

Now they'd heard of the prick called Dead-Eye Dick from the Horn to Panama
And with nothing worse than e muttered curse those cowhands sought the bar.

The women too knew his playful ways down on the Rio Grande.
And forty whores took down their drawers at Oead-Eye Dick's command.
They saw the fingers of Mexico Pete twitch on the trigger grip,
'Twas death to weit at a fearful rate those whores began to strip
Now Dead-Eye Dick was breathing quick with leacherous snorts and grunts.
As forty arses were bared to view to say nothing of forty cunts

Now forty arses and forty cunts you'll see if you use your wits.
And rattle a bit at arithmetic that's likewise eighty tits

And eighty tits is a gladsome sight for a man with a raging stand.
They mey be rare in Berkeley Square, but not on the Rio Grande.
Our Deed-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, so he backed and took a run.
He made e dart at the nearest tart and scored a bull in one
He bore her to the sandy floor and fucked her deep and fine.
And though she grinned it put the wind up the other thirty-nine
Our Deed-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, and flinging the first eside,
He wes making a gin et the second quim when the swing doors opened wide.

And into that hall of sin and vice into that harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid who was unafreid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.
Our Dead-Eye Dick who fucks 'em quick was well in No. 2.
When Eskimo Nell lets out a yell and says to him, "Hey-you."
The hefty lout he turned about, both nob and face were red,
With a single flick of high mighty prick the tart flew o'er his head.
But Eskimo Nell she stood it well and looked him in the eyes.
With the utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.
She blew a puff from her cigarette onto his steaming nob.
So utterly beet was Mexico Pete he forgot to do his job
It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell in accents calm and cool,
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp, do you call that thing a tool ?"
"If this here town can't take that down," she sneered to the cowering whores--
"There's one little cunt that can do the stunt--it's Eskimo Nell's not yours "
She sneo her germents one by one with an air of conscious prioe.
Till at lest she stood in her womanhood, and they saw the great divide.

She laid right down on the table top where someone had left a glass.
With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits between the cheeks of the arse!

She bent her knees with supple ease and opened her legs apart:
With a final nod to the randysod she gave him the cue to start.

But Dead-Eye Dick with his King of a prick prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was a fucking bliss--so he staged a pantomime.
He winked his arsehole in and out, and made his balls inflate,
Until they looked like granite knobs on top of a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down--his nob increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick and almost reached his eyes.

He polished the rod with Rum and gob to meke it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled thenob with a cayenne pepper pot.

He didn't back to take a run, nor yet a flying leap:
But bent right down and came longside with a steady forward creep.

Then he took a sight as a gunman might along his mighty tool,
And shoved his lust with a dexterous thrust--firm, celculating and cool.

Have you seen the massive pistons on the giant C.P.R.?
With a punishing force of a thousand horses--you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do, but you've yet to learn the awe-inspiring trick,
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead-Eye Dick.

But Eskimo Nell was an Infidel--she equalled a whole harem,
With the strength of ten in her abdomen and her rock of ages beam.
Amidships she could stand the rush like the flush of a water closet,
So she grasped his cock like a Chatwood lock on the National Safe Deposit

She lay for a while with a subtle smile while the grip of her cunt grew keener,
Then giving a sigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner

She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set at complete defiance
The primary cause and the basic laws that govern sexual science.

She calmly rode through the phallic code which for years had stood the test,
And the ancient laws of the Classic school in a moment or two went west.

And now my friends we draw to the end of this copulating epic,
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick and akin to an anaesthetic.
He slipped to the floor and he knew no more--his passions extinct and dead--
He didn't shout as his tool came out; it was stripped down to a thread

Mexico Pete, he sprang to his feet, to avenge his pal's affront,
With a fearful jolt he drew his Colt and rammed it up her cunt.

He shoved it up to the trigger grip and fired three times three,
But to his surprise she rolled her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.

She leaped to her feet with a smile so sweet, "Bully," she said, "for you,
Though I might have guessed it's about the best you phoney lechers do.

When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick, and get yourself a bun.

I'm going back to the frozen North, to the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream--but a solid frozen chunk.

Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed and the infants copulate.

Back to the land of the mighty stand, where the nights are six months long,
Where the polar bear whacks off in his lair--that's where they'll sing this song."

They'll tell his tale on the Arctic trail where the nights are sixty below,
Where it's so damn cold, french letters are sold wrapped in a bell of snow.

In the valley of death with baited breath it's there we sing it too,
Where the skeletons rattle in sexual battle, and the mouldering corpses screw!



A student researcher named Sue,
While studying on-campus brew,
Says the trend is now clear
To a beer without peer,
Labatt's 'Blue' is now 'in'
with 'Who's who'!



Labatt's Blue smiles along with you

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AND YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO BUY THIS AMPLIFIER



Know why we carry Advent speakers? Because they're terrific, all three of them. You can spend a tubful of money and not do nearly as well.

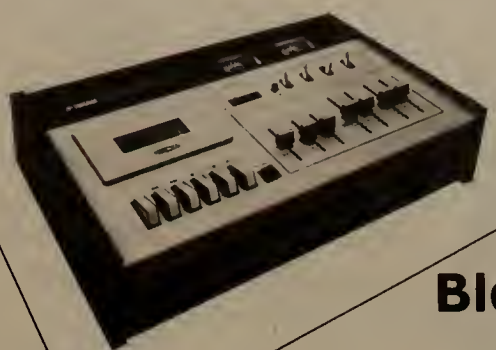
The reason that Advent speakers, largely on the strength of word-of-mouth advertising, have become the standards of value in the stereo business is that they do exactly what they are represented to do.

They weren't designed in imitation of anyone else's, or to make a broad line of speakers with entries every ten dollars or so to make sure to get everyone's money. What they do is what you really hoped for, at a price that's less than you expected to pay

There are three Advents. The original, which costs **$153** to **$177** depending on cabinet finish, was designed to compete with the most expensive speakers in every audible respect for a fraction of their price. The Smaller Advents, which cost **$120**, have the same range as the originals (not close, but the *same*) and essentially the same sound, but they won't play quite as loud. The new Advent/2's, which cost **$99**, come within a half-octave at the bottom end of the other two (plenty low enough for the heaviest rock stuff and virtually everything else), and are the lowest-priced speakers you can find with absolutely convincing overall sound.

Now. The way Advents help us to set things up, we can offer three systems – at **$869**, **$740**, and **$621** based on the original, the Smaller, and the Advent/2. Each one of them has a good reason for being that's based on people's real needs and each one of them is unbeatable at, or anywhere near, the price.

Here's your chance to meet Miss Canada (tonight at 7 PM), Enter Yamaha Audio's Win A Vintage Rolls Royce Contest (See the Rolls at Bay Bloor Nov. 6, 7, 8,), or at least buy yourself this Yamaha Cassette Deck - It's Only $298.00 - Now.



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CIRCUS SEX – POSED

Last night, this reviewer was invited aboard tbe nuclear submarine, the Seaview (of 'What's long and hard and full of seamen?) for a s sampling of the soon-to-be-shown-at-a-theatre-near-you film, Carnival Knowledge, starring that shimsical poet, Fart Fargunkel of Simon & Co. fame. The plot centres upon a segment of the bestselling book entitled Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About S x But Were Afraid To Ask What a' ' Was. The particular portion deals with the circus sex life scene. In this adeptyly bandled film, we are exposed to many facets of the performers' lives which indicate that they occasionally perform better outside of the three rings. Audiences will marvel in wonder as they learn weather or not the rubber man must wear condoms. Is the tiny man really that small? See the troupe sleeze assist the strong man in lifting his weight. What else does the bear do besides dancing? Learn bow proficient the two-headed woman is at taking on all cummers. Are the clowns who maneouver the funny cars actually that good in the clutch? I could go on and on but hopefully you now bave some indication tbat the audiences' applause are not the only type of clap the stars recieve.

Action begins swiftly in the movie. The opening scene features performers searching the fat lady for the midget. They saw him go in balf an hour previously and desperately desire his services now as he is the only individual among them wbo doesn't have to bend over to shine shoes. This scene quickly shifts to the elephant who has his trunkunder the bearded lay's dress. The animal is simply famished and searching for nuts. Poor confused creature! Soon the show is upon us and the stars upon each otber. This is the segment of the film which viewers should pay strict attention to. It is the almost undiscernable motions of the performers which will reap the greatest rewards for the attentive among the audience. See if you don't catch the lion tamer rewarding his pets for a good performance with some unusual digital manipulation or see how the trapeze artist initially catches her partner in mid-air yet, before their grasps become more stabilized. Particular notice should be paid tb the clowns, who occasionally miss their horns when tbey squeeze them.

Indeed, these antics are amplified after the audience has disassembled. It seems these cbaracters possess a bountiful supply of energy which enables them to treat every nivght as an opening nigbt.

Tbis feature is higbly recommended as perversion flicks go, and should not be missed by tbose desirous of the events enviloping the big top (and those performers wbo possess one). It is a human nature film all the way, centering on the characters of your ordinary carnival troupe, from the fat lady wbo can pick up a watermelon with no hands wbile engaging in the splits, to Jojo the dog-faced boy, with tbe acute olefactory perception who can always smell something rotten in Denmark (Denmark, being a close-working associate). Minors should not be permitted to this feature attraction unless accompanied by a large bag of popcorn placed strategically before the eyes. Incidently, Bozo tbe Clown is brlefly seen In some very compromising positions with Rollo the prancing bear (It seems that in the confusion, a gay bear was

T*ike's Ch*ice



Coco Rico shows her inimitable style.

Slave Auction Hopeful Tells All

One of the many hopefuls for this year's slave auction has been secretely interviewed by the T ike. Ms Coco Rico is an accomplished stage and screen star. Her most recent movie entitled 'Toilet Training' will be released soon and is sure to be a hit with today's cult movie goers. Sbe wants the exposure in the slave auction so that she may soon have a great following and devoted worshippers. Sbe also likes be-man types.

Toike: What are your plans for tbe immediate future?

Coco: I've given up acting for a while, I mean I've had just too many enemas in the past while. An actress can only be on her hands and knees for so long befcre she starts to bruise. My physical appearance is just TOO important for me to start fooling around like that.

This movie "Toilet Training is really getting me down, so I've decided to put out a line of rubber lounge wear. After all who needs sex? Just slide into one of my garmets and sweat.

Toike: How do these work?

Coco: What, the sweat?

Toike: Yes

Coco: Well you put on one of my garments, and well honey, its just orgasm after orgasm. What more does anyone need?

Toike: Where can our readers find your garments

Coco: Well dear, I was speaking to a cute gentleman in your office the other day and he offered to handle the catalogue mail orders for Toronto. They're very reasonably priced and each one was personally tested by me. I must be sure that each item is of the finest quality. Besides I've always been interested in rubber clothing so its natural that I would put out my own line.

Toike: What about the macho image of leather?

Coco: OHHH, Too cold in the winter, what do you think I am anyways, CRAZY?!!?

Toike; This movie is a tremendous break for you. How does your success affect your career and your personal life?

Coco: Well, I have never refused to do anything. You put a camera in front of me and I'll do anytbing. But it is a problem wben all my fans expect to see the glamour that they see on the screen. Many of my boyfriends don't like seeing me so 'showy' all the time. But when I walk into a restaurant and I see all the heads turn, and look, it makes me feel slightly superior. Thats the quality I must maintain at all times.

Thats being a star, wben someone turns and says "Oh, look there".

Toike: Rumours abound that you are one hig act, that your life is a facade. How do you keep your integrity?

Coco: A facade! Do you believe every rumour you hear? This business is tough and there are always jealous fools who want to cause my downfall. Everything I've said I've done, I have done; everything I say I will do, I will do.

Do farm girls lie? We were brought up to tell the truth and it all started when I grew up on a chicken farm. And you know I still have a passion for chickens, and I don't mean eating them either.

Toike: What does a city like Toronto offer you for entertainment?

Coco: I just flit from gymnasium to gymnasium.

Toike: What kind of men do you care for?

Coco: Well dear, they must be exceptional beauties before I'll even give them a second look. Men are getting so ugly. They're all so proud of their beer bellies. Granted they have a certain primitive charm, but no muscle!

Toike; Is muscle one of your toughest criteria?

Coco: Ob no, the main thing I'm after is someone wbo can match my beauty. But I have to admit that muscle just melts my heart.

.Toime: A woman of your experience can discuss perverse sexual release, say B&D.

Coco: Bondage is so passe. Too many people do it! If it's disgusting and perverted I love it.

Toike: What about S&M?

Coco: Well, I'm an S mostly, but psychological not physical. Physical S is so boring. But a couple of my boyfriends are exceptionally cruel, one even went so far as to bide my makeup!!!! And I put up with it now bow much more M can you get than that! Whicb are you, S or M?

Toike: What trends do you see?

Coco: Makeup for men, cross dressing and most important, if you're not gay you're nobody.

Toike: It's well known that you abhor traditional promotional hype. How can our readers keep in touch with your developments?

Coco: Fanmail, I just love fanmail. I know that these poor students save their pennies week after week to see my films and to buy my rubber products. I will accept all mail in care of this paper and will answer each one personally. I'll even give dates to exceptional ones because bunky bung young boys are getting so hard to find. I've been considering taking on a house boy so tbis may help in my search. I can't offer mucb in the way of financial renumeration but.....

Toike: Well Ms Rico, I think I have plenty of information here but if I think of anything else where could you be contacted?

Coco: I was staying at the salvation army but the accommodations were just dreadful so I moved to the King Edward Hotel.

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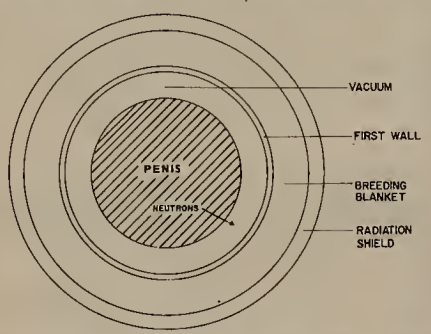
Ms. Rico In Toike Office strutting her stuff.

The Condomer Report

You're out somewhere and you must met a fantastic woman who's just dying to share her body - and you, of course, are not a pig yourself. But what's this - she says she's not on the Pill for academic reasons? You could be a boor and let her worry about it, but being a modern, liberated man you excuse yourself and run to the can for a 50 cent marvel.

But can you trust it? Just think what rides in the hands (so to speak) of that little piece of rubber - your health, your sanity, and your money.

The Toike Oike, ever aware of the needs of its readers and their victims has undertaken the gargantuan task of cumming to grips with this condom question.



Schematic of condom operation under normal ambient conditions (STP, medium tightness).

Availability is not of paramount concern as everyone knows. When safes are needed, it merely means a quick trip down to the local apothecary to plunk your dough on the counter in return for a small discretely labelled carton of prophylactics. Selections available range from the low priced latex to the "cream" of the crop lubricated sheepskin scumbag. For those of you stuck on compus, there are a number of dispensing machines located in washrooms in major buildings. These machines produce a neat little cardboard box containing one safe upon the deposit of two thin quarters into its slot. The variety is astounding; the famed ABC, the widely admired Samoa and the ultimate for you connoisseurs - the titillation French Tickler. Also deserving mention is that mechanical marvel in McLennan; the 25 cent one-armed bandit. More about this one later. It should be mentioned here that most prophylactics on sale in this area are available in lubricated or non-lubricated models with or without reservoir tips.

For most people, the quality of the safe is of prime importance. By quality, we mean resistance to blow-out upon cumming, nail punctures and the vital absence of all pin holes. Most manufacturers announce right on the package that their product is individually sealed and tested for your protection by air or x-ray testing. The condom air test has been used for centuries while x-ray testing has cum directly from aerospace industry quality control methods. In order to determine the reliability of the manufacturers' claims, we have, after much research, formulated a series of tests for all the condoms in our possession to determine whether they

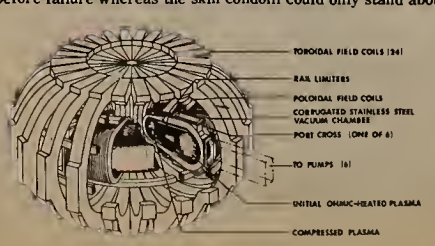


Exhaust and stretch tests.

could stand up to our rigid requirements.

The following major tests were done on each condom: torsional, stretch, formaldehyde and car exhaust resistance and wallet test. The torsional test checks specifically for wringability. Only latex condoms were tested in this manner. The stretch test was done on standard one-half scale prestressed concrete column simulating the average engineer. The formaldehyde resistance test is included in this survey as a service to undertakers and med students taking gross anatomy for obvious reasons which need not be dragged out (for public exposure) at this point in time. The exhaust fume resistant properties are of the utmost importance to some members of the community who do not have access to a suitable location other than their cars when playtime arrives. To these people, this test is dedicated.

The torsional test revealed striking differences between the latex and skin safes. The latex safes could safely withstand an incredible amount of torque before failure whereas the skin condom could only stand about one



Durability test apparatus.

The Condom is Created

In the beginning, God created man and that was good. But soon, man was taken to playing with himself and God said that was not good. So God, in His infinite wisdom, created woman and all was fine once again. Or was it? Sure, that two bit bird brain in the sky provided for man's lust and passion but did He stop to think of the consequences of his actions? Not bloody likely! It's fine for Him to go around spreading his kind of immaculate conception everywbere and then buzzing off leaving the woman with a load to carry around. What about the poor schmick who gets it up only to find out there's no "protection" handy? What does be do?; go into the corner to give himself a hand job? It was left to Man to cum up with some way of avoiding pregnancy.

Through his awesome inventive genious, primitive man was able to come up with an enormous number of birth control methods, most of wbicb were unfortunately total flops. Stones, moss, empty beer bottles, and trained anteaters were all tried - with ratber limited success. For a time dull spoons seemed very promising; however, it soon enough became clear that the cure was, to say the least, worse tban the problem. Tbe species propagated at a furious rate until the supply of pablum and disposable diapers ran perilously low. Disaster was iminent.

It was not until the invention of gunpowder by an obscure Gregorian monk in the late 1500's that a simple, effective, and reliable method was worked out. However, this technique bad the disadvantage that it required a certain level of skill on tbe part of the user to prevent property damage as well. since ingenuity was not common among the ignorant peasants of the time, and because gunpowder makes your nose itch, the art began to lapse into a state of disuse.

Luckily, a wise old sage in the court of King Charles III came to tbe rescue of mankind with a cunning invention. Through many years of secret experimentation, in the best engineering tradition, . Dr. Basil Farland Condom (pH.M.D.) ultimately arrived at the very point of this article - the condom (named after his sister and assistant, Gloria). Admittedly, the early models were somewhat crude and unweildly (one on display in the Smithsonian is 8" thick and weigbs over 20kg) - but tbey were in widespread use within a matter of months as more and more advanced versions were released.

The modern condom bears little resemblance to tbose early pioneering attempts, but the spirit of Basil Farland lives on every time one is put on and in.

Why Condoms?

- Competitive
- Corrosion free
- No painting,
- No Maintenance
- Lightweight
- Easy erection



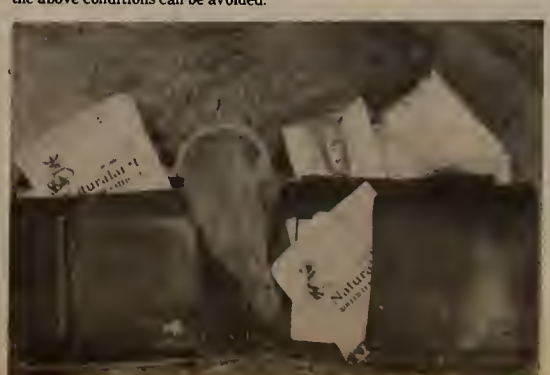
One of Dr. Condom's earliest models. (Courtesy Smithsonian Institute, Washington D.C.)



Engineer's tool.

twentieth the torque before shearing takes place. Hence we heatily recommend the use of latex safes by those of you who must re-use the little devils; they withstand wringing out mucb better. The stretch test showed one important fact which all engineers everywbere must take note of - all the condoms tested would not fit over the ½ scale (8" dia. x 24" long) engineer phallus! Until there is a commercially available condom suitable for engineers, we must continue to make our own fiberglass reinforced Saran Wrap prophylactics or use that old standby, the green plastic garbage bag. This fact does not preclude the use of manufactured condoms by the general public. In fact most males would be quite comfortable in one but your average artsie would have to first cut it in balf and swath himself in a large amount of Tensor bandage in order to have a marginally adequate fit.

The formaldehyde, car exbaust and sunligbt tests are designed to find the rate at which the condoms deteriorate on exposure to these conditions. The latex safes performed adequately under exposure to all three conditions with the only problem being that they became progressively blacker on prolonged exposure to the car exhaust fumes. On the other hand, the sheepskin safes thrived on contact with the formaldehyde but became brittle and useless on exposure to the exhaust fumes and sunlight. For tbese reasons, we endorse the use of skin condoms only in situations wt ere the above conditions can be avoided.



Ratings

The ratings below apply only to non-engineers due to the non-availability of suitable condoms for engineers. Under no circumstances sbould any engineer contemplate the use of any of these propbyalactics.

Rated as a **best buy**

Naturalamb - $2.64 3 Foil sealed, wet lubricant (slippery when wet). Weight - 1.837 gm. Feels real good. The following were judged to be of slightly lower sensory transmittance although tbe contraceptive properties are not affected.

Shiek - $1.35 3. Foil sealed, dry lubricant (tastes like grapbite). Capacious reservoir tip. Weight - 1.465 gm.

Ramses Sensitor - $0.97 3. Foil sealed, wet lutricated. Weight - 1.592 gm.

A.B.C. $0.50 1. Plastic sealed, wet lubricant, reservoir tip. Subject to occasional blow-out dduring use. Weight - 1.583 gm.

Nuform Sensusbape - $1.43 3. Foil sealed, Sensitol lubricant flared. Electronically tested. Weigbt - 1.635 gm.

The following was found to be totally unacceptable and should only be used by eununcbs and pre-pubescents.

Altex - $0.25 1. Unsealed, dry lubricant, reservoir tip. 90 per cent of tbese purchased came witb various sized boles ranging from pinholes to one with the entire tip missing. These devices can be purchased in the Burton tower of the McLennan pbysics building in the washroom beside the faculty lounge.

The idea and parts of this article were lifted in the spirit of GUPI from **The Essex**, University of Windsor Engineering.

SPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTO





Women's Basketball

This years team is again displaying great consistency against ferocious competition. The level of playing in the interfaculty league has increased greatly over previous years and the women basketball players in engineering show great skill. As is often the case, the scores do not reflect the calihre of play. Just because they haven't won a game all year doesn't indicate any lack of expertise-we're not sure what it indicates. Come out and cheer us on to (at least one) victory before the season is over. Thursday evenings at the Benson Building.

Aquatics

Be prepared to register for the Interfac Swim Meet coming up soon, like Next Wednesday at 7:30 PM. If you swam for a team in high school (F!rosh take note) or have the ability to sprint a length or two of Hart House, then Skule needs your name on the sign-up list in the Aquatics box hy the Stores in the Annex. Don't he hashful, remember, last year's Varsity Blues team is harred from the meet. Get those names in hy Tuesday (Nov. 11) at 5:00.

Last Homecumming (Sat. Oct. 18) saw an impressive exhihition of hall-handling hy the F!rosh (7T9) Electrical team as they took the $25 first prize in the class water-polo tournament. The rookies (Dave Wilkin included) shut out Electrical 7T7 (7-0) and Civil 7T6 (9-0) with goals hy Rick Madge (5), Henry Vehovec (3), Andy Mackay (1) and D. Wilkin (7).

Electrical 7T7 won out over Civil 7T6 in the hattle for the consolation prize of $15. Scoring for Electrical were Dave Rodinski (3), Jim Colghoun (1) and a mystery man while Don Cruickshank singled for Civil.

See you at Hart House on Wednesday!

Geological Engineering

As Applied to Sex Control

Take in one (1) hand a large rock (preferahly quartz morzonite in composition) and in the other hand another large rock (this one (1) should be mafic in composition, a hasalt or gahhro will work fine, or if you prefer ultramafic a kimberlite is claimed to be excellent for the task at hand). Now with these rocks in your hands approach a suitahle victim (male of course). The victim must be approached from the side and care be taken not to alarm him. Place one (1) hand opposite the victim's hum (anus, rectum, asshole etc.) and the other opposite his weenie (penis, cock, prick etc.). Bring together quickly the two (2) rocks, the one (1) opposite the posterior with an ohvious underhand motion. If the victim does not scream repeat the the above procedure until suitahle results are ohtained. We the authors do not really know the exact aspects of this method as applied to sex control hut we suggest you try it on your friends and report hack the results to us.

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Ind Eng As Applied to Sex

All the shit in textbooks is not as useless as it seems. For example, take sex! (WHY NOT!) This is human factors engineering at its penicle (get the point?). Using anthropometric data (go look it up in your dictionary, asshole!), Profs Fenders and Soly have determined that the most satisfactory position for sexual intercourse is to have the woman bending over a low wash basin while her mate performs rear entry (Anus Ouchis). This may seem strange to the untrained eye, but if he misses her, he cums straight into the sink, which saves on cleaning hills. Besides, the toilet and shower are really handy because you're already in the can.

Research has also determined that pleasure is directly proportional to the square of the frequency of insertion and also to the penetration depth, which is why engineers are so far ahead of artsmen in this department. After painstaking research, it has been shown that penetration x can be described hy S.H.M. and that x Asin (wt y) wbere y is the phase angle. Thus, through rigorous testing (which resulted in the baby boom of 1946), it has been shown that deepest penetration occurs when the couple are out of phase hy 0 or 180 degrees!

Another major topic to he considered here is that of (re) production control. A good reference for any F!rosh out there would be the RU-7 article from last year's Toike, which describes one of best methods of hirth control known to man. About the best rule to remember that we can offer bere is "What cums in, must cum out", so watch it! To be absolutely safe, you have to forget sex and use right or left hand only, whlch is the recommended course of action for Artsmen.

Stay tuned for the next issue when we will decribe the management side of Ind. Eng. in "How to Run a Brothel".

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY PRESENTS

GRAD BALL 7T6

AT THE

ROYAL YORK
CONCERT HALL
MARCH 13,'76.
CLUB SUITES



REMEMBER:
YOU ONLY GRADUATE ONCE!

TICKETS ?? GET YOURS FROM YOUR CLUB CHAIRMEN.

Hey Jude Lives or John gets Stuck in John

At 10:30 a.m. one October morn, the Bank appeared. Amidst cries of protest they remained to board a London-bound bus to Ottawa. When informed that they were not, in fact, headed for the nation's capitol, the Band exclaimed, "Yoikes, go west young man!", so they departed for Western.

Fearing a drought, a nifty three-point-turn was executed on College St. and following a hasty collection of assorted bills, coins and slugs, an adequate supply of beaverages was acquired. So equipped it was off to the game (?).

All was well until the inebriated bus driver realized he was driving around in coicles in London (when we passed Richmond and Adelaide we had doubts we had even left Trawna). With some helpful instructions and our second nifty three-point-turn, we were once again well on our way to the game.

As everyone knows by now, the Band was calling for "we want a hundred (or sixty-nine, whatever cums first)" by the end of the first quarter. So denied (as usual) the Band was forced to engage in its own entertainment. Halftime saw the Band break the existing "Hey Jude" duration record by a full twelve minutes which, unfortunately, will not go down inthe Guinness Book of Records. (I always have artichoke bottoms with my Guinness).

Apres le jeu, it was reported that someone became trapped as a prisoner in the restroom of our luxurious S.A.C. supplied touring bus but I deny everything.

After a brief dinner break and rest stop where one and all had their barns and other things busted, we (once again) became hopelessly lost trying to leave London.

Contrary to popular demand, a third nifty three point turn was not executed to escape from the city of Mustang borseshit. Once most persons were engaged in drifting off into dreamland, the sandman poured acid (HNO 3) in their eyes as they were roused and forced into joining a thrilling chorus of "Old McDougall's Farm" (Since when does a rhinoceros go "rhinoceros here, and rhinoceros there"). To top off the evening, Bruce and some fellow Band member (I deny everything) undertook whistling Dixie (or Jane or Sue) and playing "over the seats". An attempted rear end collision betwixt a taxi and another automobile was not witnessed so don't ask us. Contrary to popular belief (in the Varshity) the best jokes of the day were unused James Mackay jokes which will not be repeated here.

(P.S. regarding the Hallowe'en Band events, I (once again) deny anything and everything.)

The L.G.M.B. misses the Queen's parade (again)

Old traditions die bard, and once again the L.G.M.B. missed seeing the queens on Hallowe'en. After meeting at the stores and perceiving that there was a definite shortage of trombones, we proceeded to Gnu Collich to rectify the problem (knit one, pearl two, Bob Lewis, yoo hoo!).

After a short concert we escaped with our bone intact and marched towards Yonge Street. On the way we had the pleasure of watching L.G.M. Burpee piss on a tree and perform other assorted crimes against humanity including assaulting a drummer (what, no torture?). Outraged at this action, the band split into two factions, but the imposter band was allowed to rejoin Doug, Bruce, Joan and Dave after demonstrating that they were truly penitent. After playing "The Stripper" for the girls at St. Joe's (without results) we held our second semi-annual fountain concert at the MacDonald Block (also without results).

We finally made it to Yonge Street only to find that there were several thousand other people who made it to Yonge Street before us. We played our way through the cheering masses, their legs wet with anticipation. As we progressed, our entourage was joined by many strange people including a rubbie (as in all our Yonge Street concerts) and two of Metro's Finest who started o follow us when we left Yonge Street, without having seen any queens (except at Hart House during Shinerama). We still don't see why the Metros got so upset about us using their pbone; they weren't using it anyway. Despite the fact that we were doing all the work it was the rubbie who they gave the free ride to, leaving us to sneak up on the drunks and goblins at the nursing party on foot! The party was pretty much the shits anyway (Fuck nursing).

After a few (very few) hours rest the rain-soaked Varsity stadium was appeared at by the L.G.M.B. for the fifth time this season. It was tense for a while but the L.G.M.B. traded uniforms with the Varsity Blues at halftime and they managed to catch up to Concordia in only 7 minutes.



Dobson getting ready

apeo

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The n'th annual ALL-YOU-CAN-DRINK-PUB, featuring the semi-official intre-provincial invitational boat-racing championship The cost to you is a measly $3 00 per person (or $5 00 per couple) It will be held in the Engineering Annex, from 8 p m tc 1 a m or Friday, November 14th Everybody welcome (except Mike Sokovnin).. sponsored by 1st Year Council

PcSc Tryouts for this yeer's Capistrano Swallower's, Thursday, November 13th at 5 p m . VcPc's Office (beer provided)

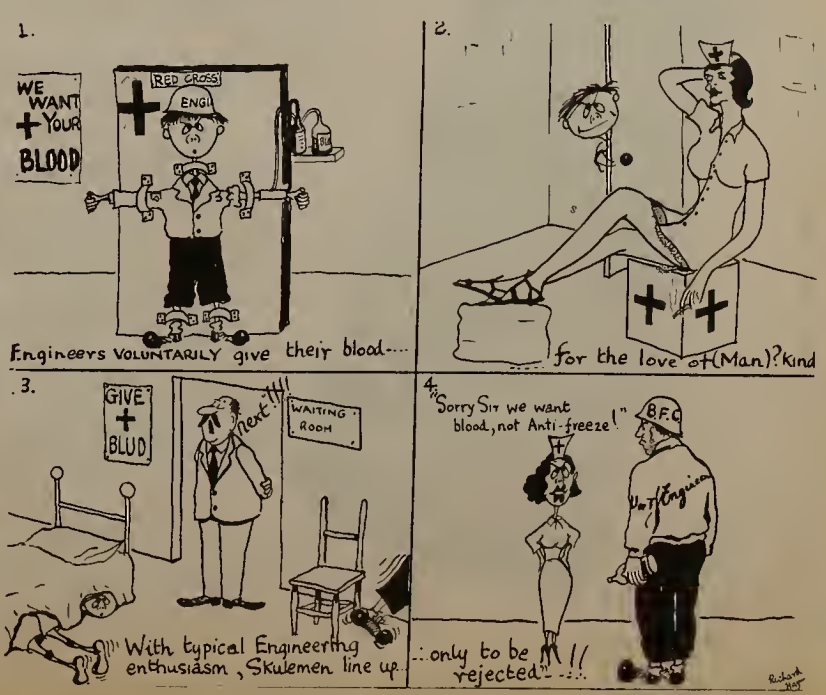
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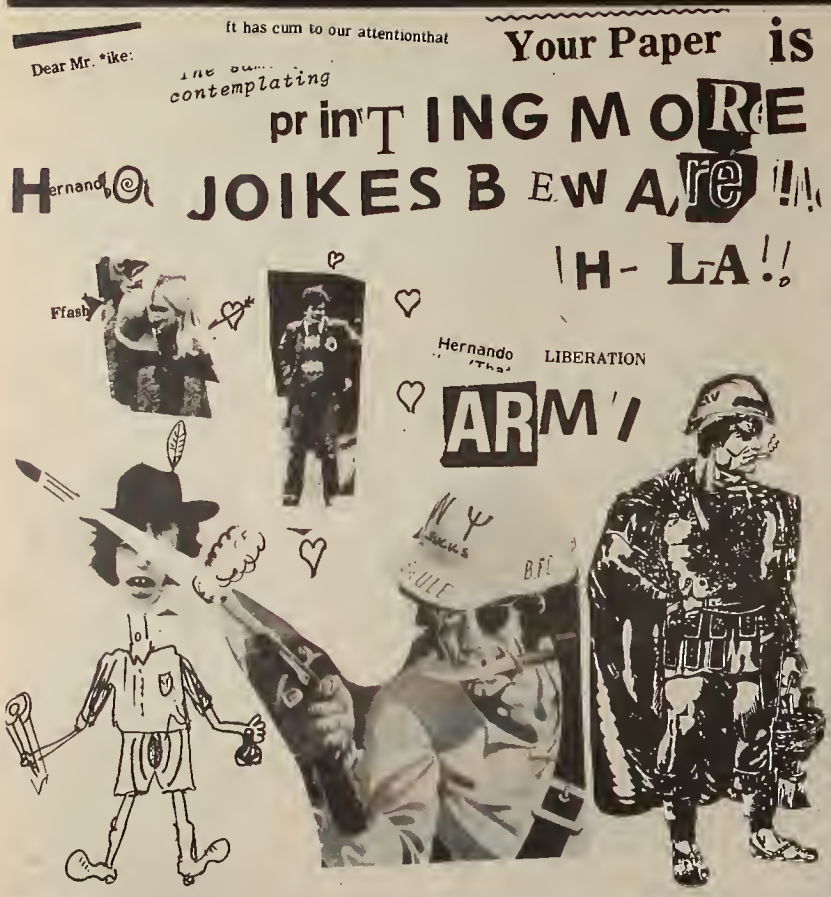
ABORTION REFERRAL CLINIC

Has the cost of living got you down? Has the cost involved in adding to the ranks of the living got you down? Now,for the first time ever, the Toike Oike Abortion Referral Clinic provides you with expert advice for those do-it-yourself, at home rusty coathanger jobs, otherwise known as the opposite of the lay-away plan. Through the application of our trained experts' techniques, any family can efficiently and expediently utilize common household items which can prove as effective as the vastly more expense cold clinical techniques. Admittedly, not everyone will appreciate this service, but remember - the population explosion will be the baby boom that was heard around the world. Clip this article out and save it until the after effects of Dating come to pass.

Give Blood This Week



GODIVA'S BOX



Dear Godiva,

I should like to think that Caitlin Kelly (Varsity, Mon. Oct. 27, 1975) was joking when she told us of her outrage upon seeing the new look of the SAC dome. The tone of her letter, however, is that of an uninformed fanatic.

I suspect that Ms. Kelly's relatively recent exposure to the U. of T. is responsible for her outburst. She is too young to realize that the "sedate pale green" was the work of the Begorra Finishing Company (B.F.C.) last St. Patrick's Day Eve, and that the current decor of the dome is the most appropriate possible. (If you don't believe me, check the new budget!)

The fact that Ms. Kelly feels the dome ridicules the female breast suggests that the lady is insecure about her own sexuality. We engineers never, but never, ridicule breasts. We do, however, ridicule SAC whenever possible.

Hart Haus may never become a phallic symbol, but have you heard anyone complaining about the C.N. tower?

As for the Kappa Alpha fraternity, who cares? Or did she get a poor rating?

M. Sloan
Ind. Eng. 11

Dear M.,

We certainly agree about SAC! But doesn't Ms. Kelly know that the grass and trees will soon be painted to match?

Dear Godiva's Box,

Well, harvest time came early to East Devonshire House this year. I had a beautiful plant (one of several, at 5 feet high) which died prematurely. To cure it, I thought I'd try boiling it in a mixture of sugar and water as I'd heard this method gets tremendous results. So around Saturday afternoon I started "cooking" in our basement and ended up leaving it to do its own damage.

That evening saw me going out for a good night at the Brunswick House, and when I returned, I discovered that the old house didn't smell quite like it used to. What had happened was all the sugar and water had boiled away, and my grass had then fried on the stove. The aroma not only filled East House, but also all of North House and parts of South House. My good ounce and a half of pot had gone in smoke. Needless to say, everybody in the three houses enjoyed a good weekend.

Tearfully,
Thumper.

Dear Thumper,

What can I say? At least it didn't go to waste.

My dearest Box (slurp)

I heard you wanted some new stuff for this issue, so I'm sending a new verse to the Eng Sci theme song (sung to the tune of "These are a few of my favorite things"):

Pussy, clitoris, tight ass, and a blow-job
Moist fur-lined snatch, sweet lips that embrace me
Tighties that go down upon my erections...
These are a few of my favorite selections.

I was going to send "Would you like to sit on my face", but I found out it doesn't rhyme.

Yours in good taste,
Body Beautiful

P.S. What no Pussy Petes?

Dear Body,

How about as a Christmas present?

BOOKS

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32 pre-programmed functions . . . an addressable memory . . . and famous HP quality— all in a unit so small it comfortably fits in a shirt pocket.



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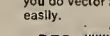
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The HP-21 is the lowest-priced scientific pocket calculator HP offers, yet it has all the functions and features you'd expect to find in a scientific pocket calculator—even more than in the HP-35.

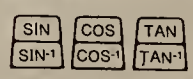
More trigonometric capabilities



Coordinate conversions—Convert polar coordinates to rectangular coordinates, or vice versa. This lets you do vector arithmetic quickly and easily.

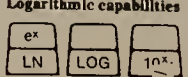


Angular mode selection—Just flip a switch to perform trig operations in either of two angular modes: degrees or radians. You can also convert angles from one mode to the other push-button fast.



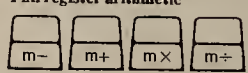
Standard trig functions—The HP-21 gives you all of the standard trig functions: Sin x, Arc sin x, Cos x, Arc cos x, Tan x and Arc tan x.

Logarithmic capabilities



Standard log functions—The HP-21 also gives you all of the standard log functions: log x, ln x, e^x and 10^x.

Full register arithmetic



Register arithmetic—The HP-21 has an addressable memory for storing constants or other data, for use later on in a calculation. Any of the four arithmetic operations may be performed directly upon this stored data.

Plus other quality HP features

The HP-21 also includes a four-register stack, which makes possible the famous RPN "computer logic" system (see pages 20, 21).

Light-emitting diode display—Recessed for better contrast in harsh lighting. Displays up to 10 significant digits (eight plus two-digit exponent in scientific notation), and appropriate signs. Two selectable display modes: fixed point, with automatic overflow and underflow into scientific, and scientific with a dynamic range of 10^{99} to 10^{-99}. Automatic decimal point positioning. Selective round-off; range: 0-10 (in scientific, 0-8). "ERROR" appearing in display indicates improper operation. Lighted decimal points indicate low battery condition.

Functions and features

Keyboard commands:

Trigonometric functions: 2 angular modes • Sin x • Arc sin x • Cos x • Arc cos x • Tan x • Arc tan x • Rectangular coordinates ↔ Polar coordinates

Logarithmic functions: Log x • Ln x • e^x • 10^x

Other functions: y^x • $\sqrt{x}$ • 1/x • π • Register arithmetic • Addition, subtraction, multiplication or division in serial, mixed serial, chain or mixed chain calculations

Data storage and positioning operations: Data entry • Stack roll down • x, y interchange • Data storage • Data recall • Change sign • Exponent entry

Memory:
4-register stack • Addressable memory

Specifications:

Power: AC: 115 or 230 V, ±10%, 50-60 Hz • Battery: 350 mw nickel-cadmium rechargeable battery pack

Weight: HP-21: 6 ounces (170 g) with battery pack • Recharger: 5 ounces (142 g) • Shipping weight: Approx. 1½ lbs. (680 g)

Dimensions: Length: 5.1 inches (13.0 cm) • Width: 2.7 inches (6.18 cm) • Height: 1.2 inches (3.0 cm)

Operating temperature range: 32° F to 113° F (0° C to 45° C)

The HP-21 outfit includes:
HP-21 Scientific Pocket Calculator • Rechargeable battery pack • 115/230 V AC adapter/recharger • Soft carrying case • Illustrated Owner's Handbook

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November 11	Civil Eng.	Mining	130
November 12	Industrial Eng.	Mechanical	102
November 13	Mech. Eng.	Mechanical	252
November 17	Metall. Eng.	Mechanical	102
November 18	Geol. Eng. Geology, Geophy.	Mining	130
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ALL WELCOME

No Experience Necessary

Shitty Jokes

"What's the matter with you," the engineer demanded of his nursing date. "You said we were going Dutch tonight, but now you won't even help pay for the motel room!"

"But darling, we are going Dutch - you pay for the room, and the rest of the night is on me."

***

Dual space: an empty bra.

***

A modern young lady named Hall
Attended a birth control ball.
She was loaded with pessaries
And other accessories —
But no one approached her at all.

***

A lisping young lady named Beth
Was saved from a fate worse than death:
Seven times in a row,
Which unsettled her so,
That she quit saying 'No' and said 'Yeth.'

***

There was a young belle of old Natchez
Whose panties were always in patches.
When comment arose
On the state of her clothes,
She said, 'When Ah itches, Ah scrathez.'

***

There was a yong student of Johns
Who wanted to bugger the swans.
But the loyal hall porter
Said, 'Sir, take my daughter.
Them birds are reserved for the dons.'

***

An Artsman, while screwing a whore,
Discovered she smelled like a sewer:
Her natural smell
Is straight out of Hell,
So she douches each night with manure.

***

There was a yong girl of Baroda
Who built an erotic pagoda.
The walls of its halls
Were festooned with the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her.

***

A hot-tempered girl of Caracas
Was wed to a samba-mad jackass.
When he started to cheat her
With a dark senorita
She kicked him right in the maracas.

***

Did you hear about the SAC exec. who thought that
asphalt was another term for hemorrhoids?

***

With horses and whores, there's no point climbing
into the saddle if you can't stirrup a reaction.

***

Graffiti in SAC washroom:
Don't throw butts into urinals.
It makes them soggy and hard to light.

***

What goes snap, cackle, CRUNCH?
A pervert trying to rape a mannequin in a brassiere shop

***





Doctor: I notice the faint outline of an 'M' on your
tummy ...how come?
Engineer's Girl: Well, my boyfriend doesn't remove his sweater.
Doctor: Where does he go, McMaster or McGill?
E.G.: No, Waterloo.

***



A horny farmgirl with a nickel
In a general store bought a pickle.
Wouldn't tit up her slot;
She returned what she bought.
Said the storekeeper, 'Girls sure are fickle.'

How can you tell if your girl is making it with an elephant?
Well, if she's pregnant for two years....

***

There once was a dirty old creep

Who often made love to a sheep.
He'd repeatedly screw
The poor little ewe
That in his garage he would keep.

But enter a valiant young ram
To resue the ewe from her jam.
The creep, he resisted
But the ram had persisted
And butted the creep in the yam.

Now, the ewe, she was in for a shock:
The ram, he had whipped out hic cock.
He humped her so deep
That he caused her to leap
And she dashed her brains out on a rock.

Well, ewe can't win them all, can ewe?

***

Did you have trouble

finding this Toike? Because of budget problems we have been forced to cut off 5,000 of you (see the editorial).
If you want another copy, go to the SAC office and ask

There was this woodpecker feeling particularly horny one day, so he attacked the first lark that happened by, and she went away, singing merrily, 'I am a lark, and I have been sparked.' Then he found and downed a dove, and she flew away singing happily, 'I am a dove, and I have been loved.' Then a duck came by, and after a lot of commotion and flying feathers, the duck waddled away muttering, 'I am a drake, and there's been a mistake.'

***

Tom: What can Jello do that I can't?
Mary: Come in twelve delicious flavours!

***

Incest: a sporting game all the family can play.

***

Constipation: to have and to hold.

***

Did you hear about the swimmer on the Engineering team
who can shoot across the pool in one stroke?

***

Another elephant joke:
Q: Why do elephants have four feet?
A: They'd look silly with four inches, wouldn't they?

***

On the tits of a woman named Gail
Was tatooed the price of her tail
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind
Was the same information in Braille.

***

Did you hear about the queer burglar? He blew the safe, and then went down on the elevator.

***

Anteater: A guy who goes to his uncle's house for a picnic while his uncle is out of town.

***

How can you tell when the SAC executive is drunk?
They can't hit the side of a Barnes.

***

What has 128 teeth and holds back a monster?
An Engineer's fly.

***

Once upon a time, Hernando mused philosophically, 'That you see, is only nait done.'

***

The elephant joke to end all elephant jokes:
Q: How do you know when your pet elephant is menstruating?
A: Your mattress is missing and there's a nickel on your dresser.